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Contents.

	PAGE
Shaking Reeds	1
Downpatrick Ordination	2
Pages from the Past	4
Bodel-Mackenzie Fund	6
Country of Jeanne d'Arc	7
An Irish Poet	10
Churches' Message	12
Maid of Orleans	13
Reports	16

Shaking Reeds.

"What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind!" A creature of impluse, of emotion, of excitment! There were preachers of that type, even in those days, who revelled in emotionalism, who worked themselves up to great excitement, whose fanaticism spread to the crowds and sometimes led them to disaster. Eastern people are wonderfully susceptible to this kind of thing, and when the frenzy is on them there is great danger with them. But it is a passing thing this intense emotionalism, it is a movement like the shaking of reeds with the wind. It is not spirituality. An elavated pure emotion, restrained, rightly directed, such as true devotional feeling induced by the atmosphere of religious worship is a valuable acquisition, and approaches spirituality. But the emotions which form so large a part of our every-day waking consciousness may be irradiated by the wisdom which cometh from above and is first pure and then peaceable. So also with the mind as well as the emotions; and these with the body are the robes of the eternal man. Body, emotions, mind, each in their turn, impose themselves upon us, as "I," each clamouring "I want this, that and the other." The real man, beyond these, wants only what God wants, for he is "immortal, made in the image of God's eternity." When the life stream from above, "the life of ages richly poured," finds its channel through the man who dedicates himself to serve the Divine Will, and seeks to serve, then are the robes cleansed, "washed in the Blood of the Lamb," to use a phrase sadly misunderstood. For the Lamb indicates the sacrifice on which the world is based, the constant life of God Himself, who is giving forth, forthgiving (forgiving) continually, and that forthstreaming life cleanses, ennobles all that it passes through.

Whether the "shaking reed" be in the wilderness, at a street corner or in a Gospel Tent, in excitement he lives and moves and has his being. His methods are with the emotions; get the audience singing hymns till they can sing no more, get the men to whistle and the women to sing, get the people to laugh and cry, until the emotions, get out of hand altogether and when the conversions begin, one person after another stands up, at the startling words "You were never nearer to Hell than you are at this moment."

Evangelical preaching of this type has spread into the country towns and villages of Ulster, and some of the preachers are at first very plausible, they are not going to take away any people from their churches, but, in the end, the Plymouth Brethren get the benefit. Whoever else might be "reeds shaken with the wind," surely members of the Non-Subscribing Church, which for so long has stood out for pure and undefiled religion, should witness for the wider truth they are called to defend, by being staunch to their own Churches, and applying themselves all the more to understand their own faith. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty."

ULLIN.

Downpatrick Ordination.

Welcome to New Minister.

Another link in the long chain of ministers of Downpatrick First Presbyterian Non-Subscribing Church, extending from the early years of the seventeenth century, was formed when the Presbytery of Antrim ordained to the pastorate Rev. John Begg, a Scot, from Colne, Lancashire, in succession to Rev. R. Philipson, now settled at Hinckley, Leicestershire. At 12-30 o'clock the picturesque old church, embossomed in trees, and surrounded by the graves of many generations, was filled by a congregation comprising members of all the Protestant denominations. The Moderator, Rev. J. D. Davies, of Clough, conducted the service, and Rev. E. Lockett, of Holywood, preached impressively on the power of the Holy Spirit, the sermon being based on the dealings of the Apostles with Simon the sorcerer. After an exposition by the Moderator of Presbyterian polity, and questions to and a statement by the minister-elect, the ordination was performed, Rev. J. Kennedy, of Larne, offering prayer. Rev. H. J. Rossington, of Belfast, delivered the charge. Camidge's 'Sanctus' was given as an introit and Torrance's anthem, 'Lord, I have loved the habitations of Thy house,' was finely rendered by the choir, with Mr. E. Naylor presiding at the organ, and Miss A. M'Donald as soloist. Following the benediction, the members of the congregation individually greeted Mr. Begg.

The Luncheon.

Under the presidency of Mr. S. C. N. Lowry, a large company sat down to a most acceptable lunch in Magee's hotel at two o'clock. Apologies were received from Lord Justice Andrews, the Right Hon. J. M. Andrews, the Archdeacon of Down, Rev. J. G. Pooler, and Rev. R. M'Elney. Rev. R. Philipson wrote: 'If all the members offer to Mr. Begg, as I am sure they will, the loyalty and friendship which were freely given to Mrs. Philipson and myself, there is no doubt about his success and that the best traditions of the Church we all love so well will be most worthily maintained.'

'The King' having been honoured,

The Chairman stated that a meeting of the Presbytery, fixed for noon, had been postponed, owing to the late arrival of the mid-day train, until immediately after the present function, which must therefore be shortened as much as possible. If the delay was attributed to the extra care taken for the safety of the precious clerical passengers on the railway, the next time there was a clerical visitation to Downpatrick a second engine might be requisitioned! This day, with its solemn service, was a landmark in the history of the old congregation in Stream Street. The whole circumstances, and the fact that there was such a representative gathering, including friends from other Churches in the district, must be taken as of good augury for Mr. Begg and for those to whom he was to minister.

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The Country.

Rev. J. G. Davies, of Comber, in proposing 'The Governor of Northern Ireland and Prosperity to Ireland,' spoke of the Duke of Abercorn as the capable head of the noble Hamilton family of Tyrone, whose successive chiefs had worthily upheld the best Anglo-Irish traditions. The Duke's uncle, Lord Frederic Hamilton, in a recently published memoir, finely pourtrayed the life of the Hamiltons in the ancestral home, as well as the part they played in public affairs. Incidentally Lord Frederic told in his book a story of the disqualification of two aspirants for a certain political appointment—a Welshman, because he was said to pray all day on Sunday and on his neighbours the other six days ; a Scotsman, because he was said to keep the Sabbath and any other trifle he could lay his hands on ! Everyone recognised that the Northern Government were imbued with a desire to promote the wellbeing of the people. That was shown in their Temperance Act, though they were between the devil and the deep sea, so to speak, as concerning the temperance party on the one hand, and the trade party on the other hand. It was shown also in their Education Act, despite the strong criticism passed upon that measure only the previous day by the Presbyterian Assembly in Belfast.

Mr. H. C. Weir, LL.B., responded to the toast, and concurred in the tribute paid to his Grace. We in the North, he said, had been given a system of government, and though we did not seek it, we were determined to work it, and were working it, determined also to make it a success. So far, the Northern Government had discharged their first duty, that was, to govern. Next, in legislation for the needs of the people, they had displayed an initiative resource and promptitude that unfortunately under the old system did not often characterise the Imperial Parliament's legislation, remembering as we did how Irish measures practically agreed upon could not be carried in the way in which they were brought in for the benefit of those for whom they were intended. As in the Imperial Parliament were to be found equally his Majesty's Government and his Majesty's Opposition, so it was hoped that the abstaining members of the Northern Parliament would presently take their places and that we should have an intelligent Opposition, watchful and critical. Northern prosperity was largely dependent on shipbuilding, which was reviving by Lord Pirrie's efforts ; on the linen trade, which was slowly making headway again ; and on the farming industry, which would be assisted by a measure of of land purchase promised by the Imperial Parliament, while a Commission was now sitting to devise remedies for the existing depression. 'One of the members of that Commission,' the speaker concluded with a laugh, 'is a brother-in-law of my own ; so it will be all right !'

Rev. H. J. Rossington, in proposing 'The New Minister,' said that Mr. Begg would hardly fail to discover many interesting traits in the County Down character, nor would friendliness be withheld by bodies other than non-subscribers. A man of transparent sincerity and earnestness, Mr. Begg was animated by the single purpose of doing his duty. Everyone hoped that he would realise his own high ideals of a Christian minister, and be spared to labour here for many happy years. ('For he's a jolly good fellow' was sung.)

Rev. J. Begg, in reply, referred to the abiding impression made upon him by the service of the morning. His home lay in the north of Scotland. He had been something of a wanderer. Coming now from England, he was meeting with 'Kent folk,' the lilt of whose tongue did not strike strangely on his ears. He was about to take to himself a wife. In every way he came here with joy and hope, strengthened and encouraged by the hearty welcome extended to him. Whatever the future might hold of joy or sorrow, he trusted they might find helpfulness for each other—something of the

loveliness and goodness of the kingdom of heaven in this little corner of the world.

Rev. J. A. Kelly, of Dunmurry, formerly of Rademon, proposed 'The Downpatrick Congregation,' in a happy speech, praising past personalities—Rev. Moses Nelson, of Rademon; his grandson, Rev. Samuel Craig Nelson, who came from Dromore to Downpatrick, and after whom the present chairman was named. No more liberal-minded man ever lived than Samuel Craig Nelson. At his ordination, he told the speaker, the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese likened the three denominations represented at the proceedings to the leaves of the shamrock, all on one stem, all pointing heavenward. More of that spirit was wanted to-day. The non-subscribers' code encouraged them to join in worship and fellowship with members of other Churches. How little did any of them know! What could they dogmatise upon except the existence of God and His Son, Jesus Christ! Surely the mission of all the Churches, in an age of advancing thought and scientific attainment, was to try to mould the heart of man to the divine will, to persuade him to use every power given him for the glory of God.

The Chairman, Mr. J. F. Cochrance, and Mr. H. Dickson, J.P., acknowledged the sentiment. They meant, the chairman said, to continue in the same paths, preserving amicable relations with other congregations. This was the third occasion on which he had presided at a function of the kind. He hoped it would be the last; that the Scot, so pleasingly introduced that day, would 'stick to his last,' and spend amongst them a life of real usefulness.

'The Visitors,' felicitously proposed by Rev. A. O. Ashworth, of Belfast, was responded to, first, by Rev. W. J. Clayton, Methodist. If only because of the memory of his intimate friendship with the late Mr. Dunbar, Mr. Clayton said, he was sorry he would not be Mr. Begg's follow-townsman, for he was moving off to Monaghan. Let the congregation give Mr. Begg their sympathy and loving co-operation. Might the delightful service of that morning be the forerunner of blessed work!

Mr. H. M'Whirter thought that Mr. Begg's lines had fallen in a pleasant place; and Mr. J. Dunlop, v.s., speaking reminiscently of his sixty years in Downpatrick, was glad that we here in the North were still British. 'Other Presbyteries,' proposed by Rev. J. Kennedy, was responded to on behalf of Bangor Presbytery by Rev. J. J. Magill, of Rademon, who mentioned the interesting fact that a sister of the late Rev. D. Gordon was still alive, a centenarian. Before sitting down, Mr. Magill testified to the kindliness, the uprightness and reliability of the County Down farmer.

Rev. W. H. T. Tilson, of Greyabbey, proposed 'The Press,' acknowledged by the 'Recorder' representative, and 'The Chairman' followed, then the National Anthem.

DOWN RECORDER.

Pages from the Past.

III.

Sir,

In dealing with the emergence of the Remonstrant Synod from the General Synod of Ulster, I have endeavoured to make my story as interesting and readable as possible by referring to little incidents "by the way." With one such I begin to-day. When Cooke began his crusade with all the bitterness of a disappointed but ambitious man, he was a Presbyterian Minister of Killileagh, Co. Down. The town mentioned enjoyed the services, sometime, as Episcopal Rector of the Parish, of a very learned, aimable, gentle tempered man, the Rev. Dr. Hincks. This Dr. Hincks was son of the Rev. T. Dix Hincks, sometime Professor of Hebrew, etc., in the Royal Academical Institution, Belfast. The hieroglyphics on Egyptian mummy cases had long been the despair of the learned to decipher. When the Rosetta Stone,

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MODERN CHURCHMEN AND UNITARIANS

By S. H. MELLONE, M.A., D.Sc.

In January in the present year (1922) the Rev. Henry D. A. Major, Editor of **The Modern Churchman**, contributed to **The Hibbert Journal** an article designed to elucidate the views of Modern Churchmen by discussing the difference between their position and that of the Unitarians. This pamplet is a reprint, with a few omissions and additions, of an article by Dr. Mellone which appeared in the April number of **The Hibbert Journal** and offered some comments on Mr. Major's argument and an explanation of the Unitarian position. The Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association have authorised its publication by the Lindsey Press in the present form **for wide distribution.**

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on which were inscriptions in Greek, the Vernacular Egyptian, and Hieroglyphics, was discovered, impressions were taken and copies sent to the Universities and learned throughout Europe. Dr. Hincks, an old boy of R. A. I., of Killileagh, received one of these, and I have read and have heard somewhere that he was most successful in solving the enigma. So that now these hieroglyphics can be read as easily as Greek.

Loud was the outcry of Cooke at the appointment in 1821 of Mr. Bruce to the Professorship of Latin, Greek and Hebrew in the " R. A. I." although the Moderator of the Synod had hurried all the way from County Donegal to vote for him, at the request of the Rev. Dr. Hanna, minister of what is now Rosemary Street Presbyterian Church—Synod's own Professor of Divinity himself. When Synod met next year at Newry Cooke tried with all his eloquence to induce the Court to withhold permission from their Students to attend Mr. Bruce's classes. He showed that " the interests of Religion were concerned, and when he saw men introduced into the Institution who openly avowed themselves Arians and even Socinians he held it to be time to pause and consider whether their connection with the Institution should be continued—an Institution which had commenced by professing a strict neutrality in religion, but had since transformed one half of its Professors into Arians." But, he failed then as he did next year in Armagh.

The heather had not been as yet sufficiently fired. The fathers and brethren were averse to controversy and failed to see that " Hebrew if taught without orthodox fetters would get a Socinian twist in the letters."

In 1824 Cooke was elected Moderator of the Synod, which met at Moneymore, and in the same year a Code of Discipline, in hands for several years, was presented and adopted. It contained no definite law with regard to Subscription. It merely set forth that Presbyteries before they licensed Candidates to preach the Gospel should ascertain the soundness of their faith either by requiring Subscription to the Westminster Confession or by such examination as they should consider best.

The Non-Subscribers were quite satisfied that the question should be left to the Presbyteries, for, in only four out of fourteen Presbyteries constituting the Synod was there anything but a mere semblance of Subscription insisted upon. But Cooke had made up his mind, says Latimer, " that the Arians must be expelled." Yet even so late as 1826 Synod rejected a motion to make Subscription compulsory. The Rev. W. Porter, Clerk of the Synod, like Cooke himself, has testified before a Royal Commission that there were many Ministers Arians who had become so by a process of natural development as he had himself.

A blow was struck at Liberalism in the Synod by a Mr. Magill of Antrim, always subservient to Dr. Cooke, viz., that " the Rev. W. Porter having avowed himself an Arian be no longer continued Clerk." An amendment was proposed, but in place of both a resolution was passed expressing high disapprobation of Mr. Porter's opinions but permitting him to hold the position of Clerk lest his removal should be construed into persecution for the sake of " opinion," which undoubtedly it was. But, characteristically, Cooke protested and declared that the said resolution had not gone far enough. His formal protest was signed by a large minority of Ministers and elders. Further, at this same Synod at Strabane, without previous notice, Cooke moved a resolution to compel all members of the Court to make a declaration that they did most firmly hold and believe the doctrine that " there are three persons in the Godhead, The Father, The Son, and The Holy Ghost, and these three are One God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory." The question was put in the form " Believe the doctrine or not." Needless to say it was carried by a large majority—**" Believe."**

JAS. KENNEDY.

The Bodel-Mackenzie Benevolent Fund.

It is with pleasure the Trustees inform the members of all our Churches connected with the Association of Irish Non-Subscribing Presbyterians and other Free Christians, that an election of beneficiaries to the above Fund will take place at the next meeting of the Trustees on the third Tuesday in October.

The appended extracts of the main provisions of the Trust Deed will explain who are entitled to benefit by the Fund, therefore all our members are earnestly requested to read the extracts with care, and particularly maiden ladies in reduced circumstances. It is feared, however, from information already at hand, that the resources of the Fund at present will not permit of its benefitting widowed ladies.

Miss Bodel, who established this Fund, was throughout her long life a devoted and revered member of our Church at Moneyrea, Co. Down. Her name to the members of that congregation had become synonymous with generosity, goodwill, and enthusiasm for our Unitarian Faith. Although little known outside the bounds of her own congregation, her knowledge of our Church, its history and organizations, was wide and accurate ; and the names of Dr. Montgomery, Rev. Fletcher Blakely, Rev. Dr. Bruce, Rev. William Bruce, Rev. S. Craig Nelson, and Rev. John Scott Porter were frequently on her lips with an affection born of profound admiration for their work on behalf of liberal religion. Her interests. however, were not confined to the Church she loved. The welfare of her native land also claimed her thought, and she read its fortunes and misfortunes with keen intelligence and discrimination, and it was a matter of considerable pride to her that her people were among the first to enter the Land Courts after their establishment for the adjustment of the rent of their farm. In politics she was a Liberal, and in her allegiance to that party she never wavered to the end. This she did because Liberalism best expressed the bent of her mind, and the breadth and tolerance of her sympathies. Death came to her at an advanced age in the 19th of May, 1919, but not before she had, with the valuable assistance of her cousin, Mr. Alex. Spence, made careful arrangement for giving effect to a long standing promise made to her sister and niece of founding a Trust Fund to assist spinster ladies in reduced circumstances connected with our Church in Ireland.

Thus will her name, and that of her married sister and niece, be perpetuated and blessed in our midst, and especially in the homes of those ladies which the Fund will benefit. May the example of this good lady be an incentive to others to follow in her train.

Extracts from the Trust Deed of the Bodel - Mackenzie Benevolent Fund, explanatory of its main objects :

The Income from the Fund, after deducting all necessary outgoings and expenses of administration, shall be paid in the first instance in the assistance and relief of such spinster ladies in reduced circumstances as are hereinafter mentioned, that is to say :—

A. Each such spinster lady shall be of the age of fifty-five years at the least and the Trustees shall be satisfied with such proof of such age as they in their discretion shall think sufficient.

B. Each such spinster lady must have been for five years immediately preceding the date of application a member of some recognised Church connected with the Association of Irish Non-Subscribing Presbyterians and other Free Christians, or in the event of the said Association becoming extinct, then for five years a member of some Church connected with the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

In case, in the opinion of the Trustees there are not sufficient applicants (spinster ladies) in accordance with

the provision hereinbefore contained to exhaust the Income of the Trust Fund, the Trustees shall, if they think it well to do so, devote the surplus income to assistance and relief of widow ladies in reduced circumstances as hereinafter mentioned, but in so doing shall bear in mind that the main and principal object of the Charity is for spinster ladies as before mentioned.

Each such widow lady shall have been for five years immediately preceding the date of application a member of some recognised Church connected with the Association of Irish Non-Subscribing Presbyterians and other Free Christians, or in the event of the said Association becoming extinct, then for five years a member of some recognized Church connected with the Non-Subscribing Presbyterian Church of Ireland.

The Trustees shall pay to each Beneficiary such sum not exceeding the sum of Twenty pounds per annum as they in their sole and absolute discretion shall think proper.

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All payments shall be made quarterly.

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The Trustees shall have full power and unfettered discretion in administering the trusts hereof, and they alone shall be the judges as to the status of the applicants and as to what sum should be given to each one provided always however that they shall so far as it is possible see that the income in each year is expended upon the objects herein set forth.

For further information and forms of application for election apply to Rev. Mathew Watkins,

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Through the Country of Jeanne d'Arc.

When visiting a country you add much to the pleasure and interest by choosing one of its celebrities and adding to your itinerary the different places in connection with the life of such celebrity. I was bound for the Cathedrals of France, and Jeanne d'Arc, the greatest and most wonderful of heroines, was my choice. Domrémy, her birthplace, is a small inconspicuous village. It is situated on the river Meuse. I arrived on a Sunday morning. It was church hour and I turned in for the service. I had been witnessing grand processions and seeing bishops and priests in magnificent vestments, and listening to glorious music in the cathedrals, but the simple service in this humble building, as a religious service, appealed to me far more. An old priest with a sweet tenor voice presided, and the choir was composed of a number of young girls. There was no organ, but the young nun who conducted me around showed me a harmonium with which she trained her scholars, but she was not allowed to use it for the service. She pointed out the chapel of St. John where Jeanne had been baptised and the holy water basin in which she had dipped her fingers, and a chapel containing the statue of a saint before which she had said her prayers. Opposite the church is the picturesque and quaint house in which Jeanne was born, situated within a garden. The place belongs to the State and a caretaker is in charge to whom you pay the entrance fee. A fine group of statuary in marble outside represents Jeanne leaving her home led by the genius of France. You enter into a small living room and here the maid was born, and off it were two smaller rooms. Upstairs there is a museum where postcards and books and other things in connection with her life are sold.

I sat in the little garden and thought of the apparition of the saints and the voices that Jeanne heard. In these

days of rationalism we have our doubts. To her Lord, whom she adored, the Spirit had been given without measure. Surely there must have been some special outpouring upon this girl of nineteen who, without any military training, imposed her will upon experienced officers and put to rout the English soldiers who for one hundred years had suffered no repulse.

About a mile from Domrémy beside the woods, where the voices so often spoke to her, a fine basilica has been erected to her memory.

In Vancouleur, where Jeanne had interviewed the Count de Baudricourt, I found no trace of her save an old arch called by her name under which she is said to have passed.

In Orleans there is not much in connection with "the Maid." In the beautiful house of Agnes Sorel there is a museum which contains copies of all the statues erected to her memory, also a copy of her banner and some armour that had been found in the Loire. There were also fine pieces of tapestry depicting events in which she had taken part. There is a house in which she lodged and I was shown a little room in which she had slept. The Cathedral, in which Jeanne had said her prayers, was burnt by the Huguenots and the present one is remarkable as being the only Gothic Cathedral erected in Europe since the Middle Ages. I had just come from visiting the glorious Cathedral at Chartres and I was not impressed by that of Orleans. I have read the difference between Orleans and the older Cathedrals lies in the fact that the latter were built by men who had a true perception of their art while the former bears evidence of a well-learned lesson without any real feeling for the subject.

The Hotel de Ville was most interesting. It was formerly a royal residence, and it was here Francis the Second died in the arms of Mary Stuart, his wife, who afterwards became Mary Queen of Scots. At the entrance there is a replica of the charming statue of Jeanne by Princess Marie of Orleans.

Chinon, where the Maid first interviewed her king, is a quaint little town. I walked along a street bearing her name and mounted the hill to the Castle. The Chateau is in ruins. There are still standing strong walls and towers, but the beauty and grandeur are gone. Against a wall you are shewn a chimney piece looking very white and modern, beside which the King stood when recognised by Jeanne, and there is a tower wherein she is said to have lodged for 40 days. I knew I was looking down upon the same lovely view of the river Vienne that she had gazed upon, and that I was descending by the same road her feet had trodden when she went to the little chapel to say her prayers.

On July 16th, 1429, the King with Jeanne carrying the banner riding beside him arrived before the gates of Rheims. The Archbishop was in his train. He, too, had been deprived of his throne and he, too, had to thank the Maid for being re-instated. A deputation from the city met the King and handed him the keys. On the following day the coronation took place in the glorious Cathedral, wherein from 1173 downwards all the kings of France, save three, had been crowned. Napoleon the First had crowned himself in Paris; Louis Philippe and Napoleon the Third were never crowned. Jeanne had kept her word once more, and the second part of the mission her voices had told her she must carry out had been fulfilled. Immediately outside the Cathedral was the Archbishop's Palace. Here were the apartments used by the Kings, and the great hall in which the royal banquet was held. Architecturally the palace was not of much account. It was completely demolished by the German guns, and the glorious Cathedral, the premier Cathedral of France, though its walls are still standing, had its treasure of thirteenth century glass riddled by bullets and its exquisite statuary and delicate traceries shattered by the same ruthless hands.

It was at Compiegne the Maid of Orleans was taken prisoner. There is a

statue to her memory in the principal square. It is of bronze and modern and not a very pleasing work of art. On its base are inscribed the words she uttered when she heard the town was besieged: "J'erai voir mes bons amis de Compiegne." I visited the church of St. Jacques where she had taken communion before engaging in the fight. She must have had some premonition of the fate that awaited her, for turning to her fellow worshippers she said: "Pray for me, I shall soon be sold and betrayed and will no longer be able to serve my king and my country." These were the only outward traces of Jeanne in Compiegne, but no one could visit the town without recalling that it was here her own countrymen had made her prisoner, and it was they that later on had sold her to the English.

There is a fine palace at Compeigne. It was built by Louis the Fifteenth. It was the favourite residence of the two Napoleons, and you are shown the rooms occupied by the Empress Eugenie. It contains beautiful furniture covered with Beauvois tapestry and the walls are hung with costly gobelim tapestry. Beyond is the great forest 59 miles in circumference, with attractive walks and drives. I was afraid to explore it as I was alone.

And now I have reached Rouen, the last stage in the life of Jeanne d'Arc, the greatest heroine in history, and the scene of her condemnation and martyrdom. I was glad the trial had not taken place in the beautiful Palais de Justice, which is considered the finest piece of civic architecture in Europe. There is a picturesque tower with a red conical roof, a replica, by Viollet le Duc, of the donjon or keep where for 16 days she had stood before her cruel judges. On the walls are inscribed the words she had said after she had signed her revocation, to the effect that she had been made to do so by force, and that she could not say otherwise, even if they tore her limb from limb, so that her soul would depart from her body. The tower in which she had been imprisoned was pulled down in 1809.

Jeanne was not permitted to enter any church although she pleaded hard to do so. On her way to the Judgment Hall she passed the door of the Castle Chapel and the officer allowed her to stop and kneel down. When this was discovered the officer was severely reprimanded and threatened, and this comfort to her troubled spirit was taken from her.

It was in the Vieux Marché, now the Place de la Pucelle, that the Maid of Orleans suffered such a terrible death. The Place now consists of modern houses and has a statue of Jeanne in the centre.

On Bon Secours, a height overlooking the town and reached by a funicular there is a very fine and striking monument. On a handsome platform of stone under three renaissance canopies are the figures of Jeanne in the centre, and the saints Catherine and Margaret on either side. Of all the statues of Jeanne this is said to be the best conception of her appearance. It represents a sturdy figure in armour with a strong yet sweet face. In an article in the "Spectator" Mr. Strachey says: "Though dead, Jeanne d'Arc commanded the soul of her people. In that handful of grey ashes, whether blown about the market square of Rouen or scattered on the waters of the Seine, lives the fires of her patriotism and of her faith. And hers was no temporary, no fading victory. She remains the most popular and the most touching figure not merely in French but in all history.

SELF-RESPECT is a debt that cannot be discharged by demanding respect of others.

BADNESS can be got easily and in shoals; the road to her is smooth, and she lives very near us. But between us and Goodness the gods have placed the sweat of our brows.—HESIOD.

An Irish Poet.

An Irish Poet and Philosopher—Edmond G. A. Holmes.

There are few thoughtful people who have not found the writings of Mr. Holmes exceptionally helpful in our modern educational and religious reconstruction: "What is and what might be," "The Tragedy of Education," "The Creed of Buddha," "The Creed of Christ," "A confession of Faith," "The Secret of the Cross," "The Cosmic Commonwealth," "The Secret of Happiness," "In quest of an Ideal," and his very fine voume of essays just published, "Freedom and Growth," are fruitful beyond most of the books teeming from the Press.

Mr. Holmes was born in the middle of Ireland, County West Meath, more than seventy years ago. His father was an Irish landlord and his mother came from Dublin, and in reading his educational books it is worth remembering that in the days of his youth the Biblical precept, "spare the rod and spoil the child," was accepted as authoritative by nearly all parents. and teachers. He was educated at Oxford, and his life has been largely spent as an Inspector of Schools in England, but he owes much, as he admits, to his native country—"I owe to it a strain of lawlessness which tends to free one from bondage to correctness and conventionality. I owe to it some measure of indifference to the English ideals of prosperity and respectability. I owe to it that the scent of turf-smoke is charged for me with memories—happy memories—of my childhood, and I owe to it the inspiring and emancipating influence which the surge and thunder of the Atlantic brought into my life."

"O land of solitude, can I forget
How I have watched the sudden sheet of spray
Leap up triumphant on a stormy day, above those cliffs,
Round me in dark magnificent unrest
The billows of the wild Atlantic rolled
Far, far away into the gates of gold
The sun-lit portals of the stormy West:
The echoed thunder of thy caverned waves
Rolls through the deep recesses of my heart,
And tides of tyrant passion throb in me,
To match thy pulsings, O imperial Sea."

Among my books, I treasure Mr. Holmes's first series of poems which he sent to me with his autograph, containing his "Free Thinking," and "The Everlasting Thunder of the Deep."

"Think it all out, and when thinking is baffled and fails
Life shall resolve the enigma, and answer thy doubt:
Face with unwavering spirit each foe that asssils;
Think it all out to the uttermost, think it all out."

His second series of poems published in 1878, contains his famous poem:—

What art Thou, God? The cry of all the ages
Is rising upward to Thine Altar Throne.
What art Thou, God? The wisdom of our sages
Bows prone and humbled in this prayer alone.
What art Thou, God? Man's heart must ever fashion
Visions of Thee, or life becomes the grave:
Even *you* for ever passionately seeking
Order in chaos, unity in strife,—
Why, though your lips deny, your life is speaking—
Your works confess One Law: One End: One Life,
One bond of brotherhood—One common Father—
For are not brothers kinsmen in their birth?
One shpeherd and one flock—one love to gather
Into one fold the kindreds of the earth—
One thread of purpose through the grades of being
Up from the atom to the mind of man—
I see—Yes, lines of endless light converging
Into one burning point—and that is *God.*

In his magnificent poem, perhaps his finest, "The Creed of my Heart," he reminds one of Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven."—

"What though with will rebellious I thwart
Thy omnipotent will,
Through purgatorial aeons Thy Spirit will draw me still;
Draw me through shame and sorrow and pain and death and decay;
Draw me from Hell to Heaven, draw me from night to day;
Draw me from self's abysses to the selfless azure above;
Draw me to Thee, Life's Fountain, with patient passionate Love."

In his poem, "To the Unknown God," he follows Job in his deep questioning—

To whom hast Thou told Thy Secret? On whom is Thy Grace poured out?

Whose lamp will direct my goings ? Whose word will resolve my doubt ?
Shall I turn to the sects and churches that teach mankind in Thy name ?
But the best is a note in Thy sunshine, a spark flung out from Thy plane,
Slowly through all my being streams up from each hidden root
The sap of Thy life Eternal,—streams up into flower and fruit.
Is this the truth that we dream of ? We seek what we ne'er shall know ;
But the stress of Thy truth constrains us
When the springs of Thy Love o'erflow."

One of his Sonnets, " Creeds," is worth quoting, as it's thought is the foundation stone on which our Church in Ireland is founded and gives the raison d'etre for this magazine :—

Creeds are for those whose faith is insecure,
Trembling twixt fear and doubt ; whose love is cold ;
Who need another's voice to reassure
Their faltering hearts, another's hand to hold.
Creeds are for those who think that lip-assent,
Can serve the purpose of faith's ardent flame ;
For those who, self-distrustful, are content
To seek, salvation in a phrase, a name.
Creeds are for those who think that words can tell
Your deepest secret ; who have never gussed
That one word only holds the key, the spell,—
That they know most, know all things, who *love* best.
Let doubting hearts on form and symbol feed :
The love your love awakens is my creed."

One sentence from " The Creed Christ " will reveal his breadth and independence of thought :—

" It is not until we pass, as Christ did, from a supernatural to a natural conception of God that universal religion becomes possible, and that the limits of morality become coincident with the limits of the world."

His poems are personal and individual, like his opinions. He faces the facts of life with courage and insight, rejects conventional explanations and takes his own line always. His poems reveal his philosophy even more intimately than his prose writings do—his Emersonian optimism, his love for God and Man, his love for Love, his passionate confidence in Psychism, the upward pilgrimage of the human soul, which is finely reasoned out in his " Secret of Happiness " or salvation through growth. Like many others to whom the churches do not appeal, he has an abiding allegiance to the historical, human Jesus. He seeks the Universe as one interdependent whole, the All in One, the One in All—the mystic rose with a single stem, and its petals so many that only God can number them.

His remark to me about his portrait in " Freedom and Growth " that " It would'nt be worth while to buy the book for the sake of the likeness " is characteristic of the man. Several of those essays were published in the Hibbert Journal, the title of the volume is one of them. The cream of his thought is in that volume, and the cream of his poetry has been recently published in an Anthlology. " The prospect of dying " he says, " does not disquiet me in the least. I am about to enter on a new life. There is a child within me which shrinks a little, just a very little, from the unknown. But on the whole I can honestly say that I look forward to the next phase in my existence with much curiosity but with no apprehension."

In his " Sonnets to the Universe," " Faith," his swan-song sums up his philosophy of life :—

" Men ask what I believe. I cannot say
Faith is the other self of deep desire ;
Faith is a flood which sweeps all forms away,—
The flaming outrush of an inward fire.
Men ask what I believe. I cannot guess
I love you with my heart, my mind, my soul,
This is my creed. What more can I confess ?
Love baffles speech, and breaks from thought's control.
Men ask if I am happy ? Have I found
Safe anchorage in life's uncharted sea ?
Nay, I am on a voyage, I am bound
For seas, and lands unknown. I wander free.
I find life's treasure in this endless quest,
And peace of mind in infinite unrest."

" The approach to the open sea, with the ' infinite unrest ' of its swelling waves, is for me the equivalent of Bunyan's Land of Beulah, and I glide along its ever-widening waterway with peace in my mind and heart."—What do I seek ? " What does my soul desire ?"

To pass beyond the horizon of it's hope,
Why do I climb ? That I may learn to soar.
Success, achievement is the doom I dread.
Have I succeeded ? One reward I claim—
A task beyond my compass and my aim."

G. V. C.

The Churches' Message to Modern World.

The indifference of the modern world to the Churches is to be explained by the fact that men do not believe in the inner reality of that which the Churches essentially stand for—God, the invisible world, the spiritual life. To win the ear of the world, therefore, we must find a way of convincing it that religion is an everlasting reality. It is only when the tide is low, that pools of water remain on the shore, separated by stretches of sand. But when the tide advances, one by one the isolated pools unite until at the flood they are seen to be what they really are—parts of the mighty sea. So when belief in moral and spiritual beliefs is high, the things that separate Church from Church, party from party, class from class disappear, and mankind united in the things that matter, march onward to their destined goal.

There is only one way to drive home our conviction that the things of the spirit are real. Make religion as potent a force in the world as Modern Science has been and is. Bring religion to bear upon all the complex concerns of a man's life which have hitherto too much been left to a sphere of their own. If religion is anything it is everything. It concerns all truths, all duties and all men ; and the Church, which is its agent, should never cease to put forth effort until religion is *everything*, the dominant power.

The Churches, and the Churches alone, stand for something that has power to open a road for men and nations to walk erect in. They stand for two supreme realities, God and the Soul. They stand for God and the Soul as conceived and taught and made manifest by Jesus Christ. Let them, therefore, proclaim in no uncertain voice the social, industrial, national and international implications of their gospel. If they will boldly and uncompromisingly carry the teaching of Jesus into the realms of industry and politics, champion the rights, not of class, not of party, but of man, everywhere, then is the Kingdom of God came very near unto us.

This is no plea for " politics in the pulpit," nor is there any need to convert churches into so many schools of economics. When a place of Public Worship becomes an arena for political controversy its occupation is gone. It is " one wrong more to man, one more insult to God."

But there is a religious basis for these things, and religion should provide the sanctions for whatever touches human life. It is only the churches of the land that can give the right lead, keep alive the right ideals and stir the conscience of man to a sense of its social duties. The churches can create that atmosphere of idealism and duty in which Governments and Parties, master and workmen find it easy to be noble and hard to be base.

The present distracted condition of Europe is the result of politics divorced from religion and morality. Instead of being a stumbling block to our faith in God it is a vindication of it. It shows there is One watching over his peoples, who slumbers not nor sleeps, One who can wait his time, but whom we must reckon with in the end. There can be no peace for the world at home or abroad until the monster force is overthrown and men and nations make God's law their law and strive to order their ways justly and aright. Here is the Churches' first great word to the Modern World : God lives. Men must gain a new realisation of the presence and power of the living God.

Jesus thought of God as the father of mankind. All men are his children and equally precious in his sight, equally entitled to the full opportunities of life. The conception of the human race as one family in God gives three great spiritual truths which shine like lamps about our feet and lights upon our path—equality, service, good-will.

To affirm the essential equaltiy of man is not to deny immense differences. It is to insist that there are certain fundamental rights which belong to man as man. Every human being ought to be free to develop his personality and to cultivate those powers and faculties which it has pleased God to give him : and, conversely, no human being has a right to enslave another or exploit him for his own purposes.

It is this doctrine of human equality which formed the basis of the agitation against slavery, which procured the suffrage for women, and, quite recently, a safe passage for Major Entwistle's Divorce Bill through the House of Commons. It is the doctrine on which the mandatory system instituted by the League of Nations rests.

Service is the Christian's motive of action. It means that the object of human effort is not self aggrandisement, not domination, but service of the community. Every business must minister to a vital need. Every nation must contribute its special bit of work to the world. Every workman must feel that he is playing a necessary part in the upkeep of things and put his heart and soul in the job before him.

In spite of all appearance in every workshop there are men, employers and employed, ready to respond to the Christian appeal. The spirit of Christ is more alive in the heart of humanity than the most optimistic imagine. All that is wanted to make this spirit effective is the inspired leadership which the church alone can give.

The world is waiting for the inspiredle adership. In the fulness of time Jesus Christ came to the ancient world. The hour has struck for his second coming. To him who has eyes to see influences have long been at work which have at last resulted in those conditions which render the enthronement of Christ both possible and necessary.. The Modern World demands a new ethos; it is Christianity or perish.

The Maid of Orleans.

When the Maid of Orleans was born France was in a sad plight. The English had taken possession of all the country north of the Loire, and they were determined to make France an English dependency. The French King Charles VI. was mad and his wife was an unscrupulous woman. She repudiated her son the Dauphin, gave her daughter in marriage to Henry V. of England, and made friends with the Duke of Burgundy, the enemy's ally. When Henry V. died his infant son was crowned in Paris Henry VI., and shortly afterwards Charles of France died and his son was proclaimed King at Bourges.

Joan of Arc, or as she is called in France, Jeanne d'Arc la Pucelle d'Orleans, was born at Domrémy, a village in Lorraine. Domrémy was on the high road to Germany, and although remote from the war it had had trouble with Burgundy and would learn from travellers what was going on. Jeanne's parents were in humble circumstances; Jeanne could neither read nor write. She helped in the home, worked at her embroidery, and, being a devout girl, attended the church services, and found time to show little acts of kindness to her neighbours. One day when sitting in the garden she was startled to see a great light shining between her and the church and to hear a voice which told her to be a good girl and to be faithful to her devotions, for one day she would be called upon to save France. She was most disturbed and unhappy, but she told no one of her experience. "She kept all these sayings and pondered them in her heart."

This was the beginning of many visitations, and after several years, when she was a girl of seventeen, she was told to go to Vancouleurs and demand an envoy from Count Robert de Baudricourt to take her to her King. She pleaded she was a poor girl, she knew not how to read or how

to fight, and how could she go? Her saints assured her all would be ordered aright for her and she must go. At first the Count jeered at her and ordered her home. She reminded him of the prophesy that "a married woman would be the undoing of France and that a maid would save it," and so impressed him with her earnestness that he granted her request.

Charles VII. was a weak, irresolute man. He had no heart, his treasury was empty and his army had no head. Surrounded by flatterers and idle courtiers he had established himself in the Castle at Chinon and led a life of pleasure. When he heard of Jeanne's coming he thought she must be mad and did not wish to see her. On her arrival, he wanted to test her powers, and dressing in plain clothes he hid behind his courtiers. When Jeanne entered the room she gave a searching look around, walked straight to where the King stood, and throwing herself at his feet, she said, "I am Jeanne the Maid," and that the King of Heaven announced to him through her that he would be crowned and consecrated at Rheims. Orleans, one of the last strongholds belonging to the French King, was besieged. Already the English had taken some of the fortifications and if it fell the cause of the patriots of France would be lost. "Give me troops," Jeanne said, "and I will save Orleans."

The King's counsellors interviewed her and after some days of interrogation and research they were satisfied that she was no imposter. Jeanne's fame spread rapidly and she became an object of love and reverence. A letter was sent to the Duke of Bedford, the Regent and Commander of the English forces, requiring him to surrender the fortresses and retire from France. Jeanne clad in her white armour, inlaid with silver, her young head erect and bare, and mounted on a black charger, and amid wild enthusiasm at the head of the army, she led the way to Orleans. Her presence had a magical effect. She struck no blow, but she was always in the thick of the fight, commanding and encouraging her men. On the first attack the English were panic stricken and fled. Although the siege had lasted for six months her voices had told her in five days Orleans would be relieved and in five days it was done.

The second part of her mission, the crowning of her King, had now to be carried out. "I will not last more than a year," she said, "I must employ my time well." The way to Rheims was cleared of the enemy. On July, 16th, 1430, Jeanne riding beside the King, entered the city, and on the following day in the glorious Cathedral Charles VII. was crowned. When the ceremony was over, Jeanne stepping out of the crowd, flung herself at his feet and with tears she cried, "Gentle King, now is the pleasure of God fulfilled, He has shown that you are the true King and that France belongs to you."

From the moment of the fulfilment of her twofold mission the failure of "The Maid" began. At the beginning of her campaign there had been intrigues and plots against her, but she had triumphed over them all. The entourage of Charles was impatient of her interference and jealous of her power. They would gladly have set her aside as a witch and an imposter without allowing her to strike a single blow. An attack was now made on Paris and proved a failure, and Charles decided to retreat beyond the Loire.

In May, 1430, the headquarters of the King at Compiegne were attacked by the English and Burgundian armies. The inhabitants were terrified of reprisals and sent an urgent message for help. Jeanne at once set out to relieve them, "J'irai voir mes bons amis de Compiegne," she said. At first all went well. Jeanne attacked the Burgundians, but the English coming to their succour caused panic at the rear and the French army was disorganised and took to flight. An attempt was made by Jeanne to get her men back into the town, but whether by mishap or treachery she

found the gates were closed. Jeanne was recognised, dragged by her mantle from her horse by a Burgundian soldier, and taken prisoner.

When the news of her capture reached Paris the University and Inquisition claimed her as being guilty of witchcraft and heresy. Finally, in November, 1430, at the instigation of Philip of Burgundy, she was sold to the Duke of Bedford for 10,000 francs and taken to Rouen to be tried by the Spiritual Courts.

She had been taken prisoner in the diocese of Bishop Cauchon and she was consigned into his hands. Cauchon was unscrupulous and ambitious. He desired to be made Archbishop of Rouen, and as this was in the gift of the Bishop of Winchester he became a partisan of the English. When Jeanne arrived in Rouen to be tried she was bound by chains, put into an iron cage and confined in a room of the donjon. Five English soldiers guarded her, three in the room and two at the door. For 16 days the lawyers and ecclesiastics used all their subtlety and learning to try and confound this unlettered girl. She baffled her judges and maintained that the voices and visions came from God and she made no admission that could condemn her. She was described as a woman who had worn male attire, a thing abominable to God, she had deluded simple people by saying she was sent from God. She had not taken the church into her confidence and had appealed to her saints rather than to her priest. Later on, she was again brought before her judges and was informed unless she recanted she would be burnt to death. Terrified by so horrible a fate poor Jeanne signed the paper and confessed herself an imposter. She was condemned to imprisonment for life with nothing but bread and water for her fare.

A few days later it was announced that she had resumed her male attire, withdrawn her confession, and declared her voices had not deceived her. She was pronounced a "lapsed penitent," and the Inquisition handed her over to the English. On the 30th of May, 1431, dressed in the long white robe of penitence, with 800 English soldiers escorting her car, Jeanne was taken to the Old Market Place to be burnt. When in her dreadful agony she called for a cross an English soldier breaking a stick in two and tying the pieces together in that form handed them to her. Clasping it to her bosom and calling upon Jesus, her terrible sufferings were over, and Jeanne who had done so much for the salvation of her country was dead.

The English have always been ashamed of the part they took in the Martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc. Although we cannot excuse them, we must not forget they were her enemies and did not believe in her divine mission. They looked upon her as a sorceress and she inspired such terror that their soldiers would not fight.

The disgrace is far greater upon her countrymen, and the greatest shame rests upon the King to whom she was instrumental in winning back his throne. There is no record that he ever lifted a finger to help her.

Twenty years later the sentence was reversed and cancelled and processions were ordered to be held in her honour in Rouen twice a year.

Some years ago the Pope and members of his court met and decreed the Maid of Orleans should be canonised. This was carried out and Jeanne is now numbered among the saints. Last month a beautiful statue of her, which had been presented by British and American subscribers, was unveiled in Winchester Cathedral.

PRAY for a healthy mind in a healthy body; pray for a brave spirit free from fear of death; a spirit that counts life's last stage one of Nature's boons, and that can endure any toil.—JUVENAL.

ENMITY is a fire that would die of itself if the heart that entertains it did not continually supply fresh fuel.

Reports.

Belfast : York Street.—The first Social Gala of the " Sketch Club " was held on Friday, 25th May, in the Lecture Hall. The hall was tastefully decorated, and the lighting effects on the fancy costumes of the " Club " made a very bright scene. Tea was served promptly at 7-30, after which Mr. Houston (chairman) opened the evening's programme. The " Sketch Club," under the supervision of Miss Saidie A. Herron, gave a humorous sketch, entitled " Impossible Perkins," the characters being ably taken by the Misses H. M'Fall, May Kerr, and Joan Logan. Miss Ruby Black contributed recitations of a humorous vein, which were greatly appreciated. The Silver Dance Orchestra, under Mr. B. Chamberlain, gave musical enjoyment during the evening to those who indulged in dancing. The evening's programme concluded by the usual " Auld Lang Syne." During the present month the " Club " are having a pic-nic to Crawfordsburn, when it is hoped that the success will be equal to the " Social Gala." Rev. Alex. O. Ashworth delivered two special addresses at Evening Services on 20th and 27th May, which were well attended. He continued these on 10th June—all on the subject " Religious Toleration." The congregation is keeping fairly well together and is looking eagerly forward to the advent of the new Minister on September 1st. The ordination of Mr. A. L. Agnew, B.A., of Manchester College, Oxford, is to take place during the last week in August.

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Ballyclare.—In connection with the above Church a very enjoyable outing took place at Dunturkey, on Thursday Evening, June 14th. Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Harson a field and barn were placed at the disposal of the party, numbering in all about forty, mostly young people. Fortunately the day was warm and bright, thereby enabling us to spend most of the time out of doors and to partake of tea in the open. The entertainment was an excellent one, provided by the following :—Mr. J. Grange (Jun.), Mr. W. Gillespie (Ballyclare), Mr. W. Gillespie (Ballynure), Mr. W. Harson and Mr. J. Laird, and admirably served with the assistance of several ladies. Both before and after tea a number of games were indulged in, almost all taking part. After a lengthy period of vigorous exercise in the field an adjournment was made to the spacious barn where other games were taken up, interspersed from time to time with dances to the accompaniment of the violin, Mrs. Morrow (Straid) kindly providing the music at the beginning and Mr. Harson towards the close. Altogether it was a happy event, not soon to be forgotten, and to all who contributed to its enjoyment we again tender our best thanks.

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Comber.—On Tuesday, the 22nd May, a deputation from the Sunday School and Congregation waited on Miss Eva Todd for the purpose of presenting her with an Address and Presentation on the occasion of her marriage and departure for Canada.

The Address contained reference to the sorrow of the school and congregation on losing such an efficient teacher, and so cheerful and ready helper in all things pertaining to the welfare of the church ; it concluded by wishing her the greatest happiness and prosperity in her new home.

The Presentation, which was eagerly subscribed to by all Miss Todd's friends, took the form of Canadian notes.

In her reply Miss Todd expressed surprise at receiving such a spontaneous Presentation and Address, saying that any thing she had done had been a pleasure to her, and that she had never expected any recognition of it ; she felt the trial of parting with her friends, and the severing of old associations very keenly, and would look back on her connection with the

Church and Sunday School as a very happy one. She requested the Deputation to convey to the subscribers her heartfelt thanks, and to tell them how much she appreciated their kind gift, and the spirit that prompted it.

Mrs. and the Misses Todd then entertained the Deputation to tea.

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Larne.—On July 3rd the scholars, teachers, and a few other of the above congregation had a very delightful picnic to Magheramorne Demesne. As our Kilwaughter Sunday School had engaged to join with the Presbyterian Sunday School of Kilwaughter and with the local Good Templar Lodge in a united Féte on the following Saturday only a few of our country scholars joined us. But a goodly contingent, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Green and Mr. Thomas Gingles, were with us. We were admitted to the eastern side of the demesne, where we found ourselves in a spacious amphitheatre, surrounded by groves and glades, with glimpses here and there of Larne Lough, altogether constituting a scene of beauty and grandeur unsurpassed in the experience of any fortunate enough to be present.

Mr. Frank Wright had, with his usual foresight, engaged a most competent catererer, Mr. David Luke, who supplied abundantly and luxuriously for the creature comforts of the large party. Seated around the amphitheatre all enjoyed most excellent fare. Good digestion waiting on appetite, this treatment was repeated before leaving. Needless to say that while the more mature wandered about in "couples and groups" the youngsters were not neglected in matters of games, races, etc., etc. Herein Mr. Wright was assisted by Mr. Green, R.N., whose naval training stood him in good stead, while the very little people were kept in exercise by Miss Gledhill, Miss Milne, and Miss M. Steele. Many prizes were distr buted. Altogether, taking into account the glorious weather, the delightful scenery, and the joyful faces, made old hearts young again and feel what a glorious thing it was to be alive. All arrived at their respective homes in town and country in safety and happiness at a reasonably early hour.

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Mountpottinger.—The Annual School Excursion took place on July 7th, when as a change from the country the party this year journeyed to Donaghadee.

Owing doubtless to the proximity of the July holidays there was not such a large attendance as we had been accustomed to see during recent years, but those who travelled with the party were amply repaid by a magnificent day, as the thunderstorm which caused a little uneasiness at breakfast time had ceased by the time the party had entrained at Bloomfield.

We were pleased to see Miss J. Barry, who came over specially from Bangor feeling that if train service did not permit of her joining us nowadays on Sundays, she would at any rate throw in her lot on a weekday.

Boating, paddling, walking and lounging in the beautiful sunshine made the day pass all too quickly, and many regrets were expressed when train time arrived.

"Do not," says an exchange, "keep your alabaster box of gentleness and courtesy and kindness and love until your friend is dead." It is a comfort to us to do nice things when the face is cold and the heart is still, but how much greater the joy which is multiplied in being shared with the living. If one-half of the thoughtfulness and sympathy we bestow upon the dead were given to the living, there would not be so much death. "Make your friend's life happier and sweeter instead of putting such beautiful flowers upon his grave." A kind word to the living is far better than a sermon over the dead.

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JAMES MARTINEAU.

Liberty without obedience is confusion,
Obedience without liberty is slavery.

* *

Love is the hardest lesson in Christianity, but for that reason it should be most our care to learn it.

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